

The Tragedie

*Qu.* Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.

*King.* No to the dignitie and height of honor,  
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.

*Qu.* Flatter my sorrowes with rep<sup>er</sup> of it,  
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,  
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

*King.* Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,  
Will I withall endow a child of thine,  
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,

Thou drowne the sad remembrance of these wrongs  
Which thou supposedst I haue done to thee,

*Qu.* Be briefe, lest that the processe of thy kindnesse  
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

*K.* Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.

*Q.* My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.

*King.* What do you thinke?

*Qu.* That thou doest loue my daughter from thy soule,  
So from thy soules loue didst thou her brothers,  
And from my hearts loue I do thanke thee for it.

*King.* Be not so hastie to confound my meaning.  
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,  
And meane to make her Queene of England.

*Qu.* Say then, who doest thou meane shall be her king?

*King.* Euen he that makes her Queene, how should else?

*Qu.* What thou?

*King.* I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madame?

*Qu.* How canst thou wooe her?

*King.* That I would learne of you,  
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.

*Qu.* And wilt thou learne of me?

*King.* Madam with all my heart.

*Qu.* Send to her by the man that slew her brothers  
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,  
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weepe,  
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steeped in Rutlans blood,  
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,  
If this Inducement force her not to loue,  
Send her a story of thy noble acts:  
Tell her thou mad'st away her vnckle Clarence.

of Richard the third.

Her vnckle Riuer, yea, and for her sake  
Madest quicke conuiance with her good Aunt Anne.

*King.* Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way  
To winne your daughter.

*Qu.* There is no other way,  
Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not, be Richard that hath done all this.

*King.* Inferre faire Englands peace by this alliance.

*Qu.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.

*King.* Say that the king which may command intreats,

*Qu.* That at her hands which the kings king forbid.

*King.* Say she shall be a high and mightie Queene.

*Qu.* To waile the title as her mother doth.

*King.* Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

*Qu.* But how long shall that title euer last?

*King.* Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.

*Qu.* But how long fairely shall that title last?

*King.* So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.

*Qu.* So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

*King.* Say I her soueraigne am her subiect loue.

*Qu.* But she your subiect loaths such soueraingtie,

*King.* Be eloquent in my bechalse to her.

*Qu.* An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

*King.* Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.

*Qu.* Plaine and not honest is too harsh a stile.

*King.* Madame, your reasons are too shallow & too quick.

*Qu.* O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead.

Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,  
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.

*King.* Now by my George, my Garter and my Crowne,

*Qu.* Prophand, dishonord, and the third vsurped.

*King.* I sweare by nothing.

*Qu.* By nothing, for this is no oath.

The George prophand, hath lost his holy honour:

The Garter blemisht, pawnd his knightly vertue:

The Crowne vsurpt, disgrac't his kingly dignitie,

If something thou wilt sweare to be beleeu'd,

Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrongd.

*King.* Now, by the world.

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Qu.